

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,  
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,  
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie.  
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?  
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:  
The bawdy winde that kisses all it meeteres,  
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth  
And will not hear't. What committed?

Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,  
From any other foule vnlawfull touch  
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, nor a Whore?

Def. No, as I shall be sau'd.

Oth. Is't possible?

Def. Oh Heauen forgive vs.

Oth. I cry you mercy then.

I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello. You Mistis,

Enter Emilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.  
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:  
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. Exit.

Emil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?

How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Def. Faith, halfe a sleepe.

Emil. Good Madam,

What's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Emil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Def. Who is thy Lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Def. I haue none: do not talke to me, Emilia,

I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,  
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,  
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,  
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Heere's a change indeed. Exit.

Def. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.  
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke  
The small'st opinion in my least miserie?

Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?

How is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes  
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.  
He might haue chid me so: for in good faith  
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Emil. Alas (Iago) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,  
Throwne such dispiight, and heauy termes vpon her  
That true hearts cannot beare it.

Def. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, (faire Lady)?

Def. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:  
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Caller.

Iago. Why did he so?

Def. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alzs the day.

Emil. Hath she forooke so many Noble Match'es?  
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Def. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't:  
How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,  
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,  
Haue not deu'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Def. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.

Emil. A halter pardon him:

And hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keepes her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What liklyhood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,  
Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow,  
Oh Heauens, that such companions shou'd vnfold,  
And put in euery honest hand a whip  
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,  
Euen from the East to th' West.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Emil. Oh sie vpon them: some such Squire he was  
That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iago. You are a Foole: go too.

Def. Alas Iago,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,  
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:

If ere my will did trespass 'gainst his Loue,  
Either in discourse of thought, or a ctuall deed,  
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence  
Delighted them; or any other Forme.

Or that I do not yet, and euer did,

And euer will, (though he do shake me off  
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deereely,  
Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,  
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,

But neuer taint my Loue. I cannot say Whore,  
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,  
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,  
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:  
The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Def. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,  
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:  
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,  
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now Rodorigo?

Rod. I do not finde

That thou deal'st iustly with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodorigo. Euery day thou dafst me with some deuise  
Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from  
me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad-  
uantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor  
am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I  
haue foolishly suffred.

Iago. Will you heare me Rodorigo?

Rodorigo. I

Rodorigo. I haue heard too much: and your words and  
Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most vniustly.

Rodorigo. With naught but truth: I haue wasted my  
selfe out of my meanes. The Jewels you haue had from  
me to deliuer Desdemona, would halfe haue corrupted a  
Vicarist. You haue told me she hath receiued them,  
and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine  
respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rodorigo. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor  
tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: and begin to  
finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodorigo. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my  
selfe knowne to Desdemona. If she will returne me my  
Jewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlaw-  
full solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke  
satisfaction of you.

Iago. You haue said now.

Rodorigo. I: and said nothing but what I protest intend-  
ment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and  
euen from this instant do build on thee a better o-  
pinion then euer before: giue me thy hand Rodorigo.  
Thou hast taken against me a most iust excepti-  
on: but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy  
Affaire.

Rodorigo. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and  
your suspition is not without wit and iudgement.  
But Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which  
I haue greater reason to beleuee now then euer (I  
meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night  
shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not  
Desdemona, take me from this world with Treache-  
rie, and deuise Engines for my life.

Rodorigo. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and com-  
passe?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from  
Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rodorigo. Is that true? Why then Othello and Desdemona  
returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh  
away with him the faire Desdemona, vntill his a-  
bode be lingred heere by some accident. Where-  
in none can be so determinate, as the remouing of  
Cassio.

Rodorigo. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of Othello's  
place: knocking out his braines.

Rodorigo. And that you would haue me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a  
right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither  
will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable  
Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which  
I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one)  
you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere  
to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene  
vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with  
me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that  
you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It  
is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast.  
About it.

Rodorigo. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd.

Exeunt.